Rich. Then give me leave to goe.
Bul. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Bul. Goe some of you convey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bul. On wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selves. *Exeunt.*
Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come, the children yet un-borne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
What ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares,
Come home with me to supper, ile lay a plot
Shall shew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard and Gard.
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke up; behold.
That you in pitty may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh againe with true-love teares.
Ah thou the modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-favor'd griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an Ale-house guest?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden; learne good soule,
To thinke our former State a happy dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes us but this. I am sworne Brother (sweet)
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here have stricken downe.
Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupil-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beast's?
Rich. A King of beasts indeed, if aught but beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that even heare thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winters teadious night sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages, long ago betide:
And ere thou bid goodnight, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why? the senceless Brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of my moving tongue,